



MY VIGILS

(30 Poems)

By

M. R. Gohar

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Dedicated

To

The suffering people of Palestine
who have as brave hearts as their sufferings.

Foreword

In the realm of literature, there are voices that echo with a distinct clarity, leaving enduring imprints upon the reader's soul. M.R Gohar is one such face whose poetic crusade navigates the rich embroidery of Pakistani English Literature with an unparalleled finesse.

Within the pages of “**My Vigils**”, we embark on a journey that transcends the conventional boundaries of language and form. Gohar's deliberate experiments with language invite us to delve deeper into the sophisticated layers of postmodernism and surrealism. Each poem in this collection serves as a moving reflection of our collective conscience, shedding light on the mass social issues in our society that resonate across borders and cultures.

Amidst the profound contemplation of the human experience, a delicate interplay of emotions reminds us of the beauty that resides within the chaos of existence.

As you embark on this collection, you may find comfort in the words of M.R Gohar, you may be inspired to look beyond the confines of tradition, and you may discover the profound beauty that lies within the intersection of language, culture, and the human spirit.

Muhammad Akram, PhD(c)

Concordia University, Canada

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My Vigils

Sleep circles around my bed
as a *haji* moves around *Kaba*
Counts seven sacred circles
On the beads of his rosary
recites words in murmur.

I am weary of waking
My vigils are my gems
I daily count in digits.
I am owl's companion
Both are bound to awake
Muffled is the dark night
Pitch dark, horror all around
All the sky and the ground.

I can't see anything around
Mum is the earth, and no sound
I'm unable to trace your eyes
My love is blind, my cries
They resound and they reflect
Some treasure is to detect
I am a crook, a burglar
Purely precise and stealthy.
Like a girl saying a horror tale
In some haunted room, all alone.

Callous hands of Sleep
Bite me with sharp teeth
Invisible black blood
Trickles down my chest
My rib-cage thrashes
My heart is all out
I can't en-cage it.
I'm on an iron iron stretcher
All littered with fresh blood
Leaving a dark stream behind.

Hard to breathe, hard to gasp
I am still, I am speechless
Twists of pain on my face
Mutilated, defaced.

It's my surgery; open heart
Or may be an act of killing
I don't know what is next
It is a unique operation
Fighting with oneself
For one's own survival
It is like a nightmare.

My vigils are my asset
I always conceal them
as private property
My pains are personal;
they can not be shared
with my kith and kin
Or the fellow on bed.

My neighbour is lecher too
He will leak all my secrets
All my itches and ails
All my pinching nails
All my saddening tales
Huge and bulky bales
My purchase and sales
My letters and mails
My breeze and gales.

I stay safe in my coverlet
Face inside, feet out of quilt
Close my eyes, and pretend
I am in a dark and deep sleep
In the mid of my vigils.

Necromancy

I sit on sand, a bare-land
Both of my legs twisted
Like a Buddhist in Yoga;
like a seer in meditation.
No tree or water nearby
Far from the populace
A circle around me;
An imaginary drawn.
Murmuring charms
Mixing holy and unholy
Twisting the word-order
Of the sacred verses
Reading left to right
blowing charms on palms

Smearing palms on face
throwing all around too
Lines, letters, characters.

I am safe inside the circle
Invoke devils and dragons
Call *Lucifer* and *Mephisto*
Dybbuk, *Nephilim*, *Preta*
Rakshasa, *Djinni*, *Abaddon*
O my Devil Lord! send
Azure Dragon, *Vermillion Bird*,
Black Tortoise and *White Tiger*.

All're here, looming
Around me to attend.
I am all eyes for them
Move around me
Listen, what I behest
don't come closer
You can't touch me
I am incarnated.

Circle is my safety-line
You attend on me all night
Listen to me and obey.

Go, go, scatter all around
Search above the heaven
And below the dark earth
Find some magical flower
Some ring or a parrot.
Owl's blood or unholy lamb
Some antidote from leaves
visit *Pharaoh's* pyramids
Open the wrapped statues,
mummies placed in natron.
They are wrapped in linen
Kept in caves in amulets
Trace talisman and totum.

Go off and away, take time
Smear blood on the globe
Darken the destiny of stars

Paint sun and moon black
Search, search, search!
Bring *aab-e-hayat* for me
A few drops, a little bit
That I may taste and try
A dribblet I may drink
To escape coming death.
I wish to live eternal life
Forever, forever, forever
Give a poison to Death
Let it die, and bury it deep
Life lived forever is the life
I wish to cherish and cheer.

Surrealism

A small girl, in her red
A dwarf, you may call
a little fairy in myths
Stands on a beach
Her hands outstretched
Palms up to the sky
Eyes closed, lips say
sacred words of charm
from nacromantic book.

A groom as a monster
Dresses yellow and green
Like *Neptune*; the sea god.
His head touches the clouds

The deepest seas is knee-deep
Wades slowly and silently
Through the salty water
with a garland of red roses
Soft smiles, bearded black
Bows down in reverence
Touches the chin of the bride
Beseeches to open her eyes
She looks him in surprise.

Both keep on looking each
Stand all alone on a beach.
Neither in a hurry to breach
their eternal spell of silence.
They will keep on loving
In their own fun and fashion
Their statures don't matter
While painted on a canvas.

A Nightmare

Hospitals and houses
An orphanage on road
Small kids in a school
a mosque, a *madrasah*
A shop and the buyers
a *daar-ul-amman*.

All targeted and shelled
With sirens and sighs
With bombs and blasts
battery and barracks
No regret or remorse
The *Azrael* is busy.

Loud-speakers are silent
Ambulances stand still;
Punctured, out of fuel
Nurses, doctors injured
Who will care them?
Who will cure them?
Fear of force all around.

Terror inside and outside
Olive tree and peach plants
All indolent and wailing
Suffocating smog around
Rush of missiles on ground
Lush of the trees; no sound
All seem baffled and bound.

Dead ones buried
Without any *coffins*,
Committal or *janaza*.
Evil reigns supreme
Saints and seers

All seem helpless.

All press and promises
All debates on channels
Ceasefire is the solution
The right of veto reigns
Mentors are masters;
Masters of destinies
Of poor and powerless
Power rules and ruins.

Tall structures collapsed
Like the dead city of *Troy*,
Harrapa or *Mohanjudaro*.

Lucifer sits and sings
a song sung by *Sphinx*
Godot sits and watches
Didi and *Gogo*
Lucky and *Pozzo*.
Sends no *Oracle*,

signs or symbols,
Hope against hope.
Call the *Messenger boy*,
Or the priestess *Pythia*?
They are late or belated
will there be any sermon?
Some message of *Godot*?
To the crying ones?
To the dying ones?

Extremism

A crowd of young and old
Girls and women of all ages
With hot and frigid tempers
Tattoos on arms and faces
All walking in *Brick Lane*
Wearing shirts and jackets
With nautical stars
Waving small flags
In orange, white, pink
and in dark rose.
A few in front have labrys
Walking proud and humble
Like the worshipers of
Ancient *Minoan* religion.

Another crowd of youth
Men and boys of all ages
With hot and frigid tempers
Tattoos on arms and faces
All walking in *The Wall Street*
Wearing pink shirts and jackets
With badges of pink triangle
Waving small flags ahead
red, orange, yellow,
green, indigo, and violet.

A few have pink triangles
with directions downward
Walking proud and humble
Like the warriors of
Ancient *Athens* and *Thebes*

Both the sides raise slogans
Against each other
All the night and day

They resist and contest
In all walks of life
preach their own gender
Display love and pride
Geno- and coito-phobic
They are the champions
They are the *Olympians*
Books and brochures
Dances and debates
Movies and marches
talk-shows and tattoos.

Game goes on and on
Time passes as it passed
No one comes to announce
Their wins and losses.

Extinction

A dead body of a lion
Nay, he is not dead
He is alive but still
breathes his last
May be the last sigh
A few throbs of heart
Looks helplessly.

A flock of vultures
all sit as a 'committee'
Bald heads, bare eyes
Sharp claws as knives
Long tails downward
Wings closed as in 'wake'
Quiet, alert and active.

They are in no hurry
Wait for the final twitch
of the lion; last episode.

His terminal apnoea
agonal respiration
periodic pulses
inhale and exhale
last and final gasp.
ambushed body

A still carcass
The nailed skin
Face mutilated
Toppled down
Dragged long long
On dreary surface
Head made hollow
This way and that
Blood on beaks
Littered claws
Engulf all marrow,

Bones chewed too.

No one is to rescue

All are onlookers

All are offlookers

They are sorrowful

But just a skin deep

Imagine their fate

In a near future

They are still sane;

Sane and silent

never wished to resist

The flock of vultures.

Abstract Art

A skull in dissection
lying horizontally
Cranial bones look aloof
from occipital ones.
An oak tree grown up
from cortical veins
Reaching the clouds
A ship tosses in the ocean
Ocean in the half skull.

An island crowded with trees
Appears from occipital bones
And a few parrots in trees
Two monkeys giggle around
Beach is bare and mounded

A lad smiles at a lass nearby
With a basket of oranges
Oranges; as big as mountains
Too heavy for the lass
The lad runs and rushes
Wants to help the lass
He is buried underneath
His head scarcely visible.

A field of carrots and the oak tree
Both kiss each in the horizon
Through their virgin plumes
They look like sister and brother
Walk proud on the dreary road
Holding each other's hands
Neither fatigued, nor breathless
They are just panting in pleasure.

All is not Well

All is not well
There is something wrong
Nay! something wrong!
Everything is wrong;
meshed, twisted and toppled
Like the fallen city of *Troy*
like the *Titanic*-wreck deep.
Depth is another issue;
Width is visibly visible
Who is there to measure?
How can one measure?

Right is not right everywhere
Wrong is justified by the Chair

that twists right into wrong
And subdues the weak for long.
We love to applaud the strong.
Strength is another issue
Who can stand with a weak?
How someone weakens?

Some claim it a matter of wealth
Others think it a muscular issue
Muscles are a matter of show
Who can show one's muscles
Against some other giant?
It is a matter of level- playing
How is it accomplished?
Who can accomplish it?

Form and Uniform,
Both matter everywhere
Both work brotherly
Or work sisterly
Right is Wrong

It's not simply simple
Complex is the matter
Made more complex by Masters.
Makers and Masters both are same
They are one, twined and joined
They look isolated
Isolation is metaphorical
Separation is paradoxical
They are interlocked
Inseparably separable
Distantly united
They are sane and strong
Others are drab and dung
With no ear or tongue.

A stout in hand is to rule
It makes silence a speech
A speech is silenced too
A crow can be a cuckoo
And a lark may be a crow.
It's magic of their hand.

They own all the land
They make us sit and stand
make us maim and strong
our breaths short and long.
We are the Negroes.
Negritude is another issue
We have been blackened
Who can convert us back?
Who can refund our knack?

Man Made for Defeat

Man keeps on losing all the time
He has to lose each moment
Something far, something near
He is a gambler, but a failure
loses his dear and near ones.
Exhales each breath out
a sacred second of life;
Each beat of his heart
And each stride he takes
heads towards a losing path.

He is a loser against wind and air
He can't resist against a Mayor
He is silent; he just sobs
he loses his limbs in a coup

He is helpless in his gloom
and loses hope against hope.

All his losses he knows well
Still he is to live and dwell.
Dengue and covid beat him
cancer and AIDS drag him down
Earth shakes his home to moan
Floods rush to tumble his crown
He is white, other is brown
White is right, white is might
He can't beat the colors around
He is helpless and bound
His wrists tied in chains;
Chains of caste and creed
They always win, he licks;
licks the dust; muddy nose.

Even Death reigns supreme
In his night and day-dream
He can't even cry or scream

Done is done, all is lost
He is a loser, he is to lose
Each orchard and desert
Each past and present
Even future is out of control
A king and a beggar both sit
alike in the feet of fate.

A Waste Land

It all looks nude
It all looks nasty
Shame is shameless
Values parted long
still as ugly water
bare and bleak.

Who tailors an idea?
Who designs a system?
Idea is always sacred
It is clothed well too
Where the fault lies?
Who makes it nude?

A labourer and a learner
A weaver and a driver
A washer and a woman
A collie and a carpenter
A hungry and a haunted
A fisher and a farmer
A drummer and a dryer
A beggar and a barber
All are salt of the earth
The lovers of the land.

Everything is going wrong
There is downfall from up.

The landlords; the lavish
The saviors; the so-called
The defenders; the duffers
The leaders; the lames
The politicians; the porn
The powerful; the proud
The saints; the insane

The newsmen; the nasty
The writers; the weary
The books; the baggage.

Leaders and readers,
Seeder and breeders,
All are going extinct
It is just a *waste-land*.

Just Stay Quiet

As quiet as a setting sun
Long before the evening
In the month of December
Over the *Park of Hamilton*
People are hushed inside.
Queues of cars extended
Long on the both sides.

It drizzles without mulch
No stagnant water around
pedestrians with umbrellas
Overhead, enter *Aldi* and *Tesco*
virgins buy nighties and bras
Push-up, ultra-padded
Crisscross and lingerie,
All different in range and style,

Brands, symbols and signs.
Ladies pick packs of *Whisper*
Men with *Trojan* for Saturday.
Self pick-up, self check-out
All leave in stealthy feet.

Songs and sizzling in *Heaven*
Warm aroma and erotic cries
inside the hushed walls.
Sunday morning will be long
brunch in the short afternoon,
Early sleeps and early rise
For the whole week ahead.

Months and years go on
Who cares who kisses who
And who hates who.
study, duty, job and business
All are usual as flow of water.
But wife, weather and work
All the three, they trust least.

Thames and Flames

It has been since Saturday noon
all walking along the *Thames*
With the flow of the water
All strides in one direction
Friends, families and fashion
All are seen in one place.

The London Bridge is lit soon
With multi-coloured flames
making water multi-shades.
Multifaceted people walk
In pairs, fingers interlocked
giggling and laughing
Cuppa is all jam packed,
waiters and serving staff
Running this and that
Orders and servings.

Three virgins almost nude
Come and sit on the stools
With *snifters* in hands
small sips and smile on each
Sensual and seductive looks
Hair half spread on white front
Half spread on the shoulder
sweetness of *Floris* attracts dudes
They come, stand and smile
Extend hands and hearts
They reject none, kiss each.

The onlookers and visitors
Enter and sit in corners
Wait for whisky and snacks
They will get the order late
The manager is too busy
He smiles from the distance
And notices their patience
They are not in a hurry too
With lot of time to idle away
On the bank of the river *Thames*
Near the fire of flaring flames.

Life in London

All pathways packed
Roads extended long
With cars and buses
Circle round and round
District stations crowded
Trams, trains and coaches
All the way move and stay.

It drizzles from the clouds
the sun is shy to show itself.

Students from all parts of globe
In their small cabin-loke flats
Single beds, no room for books
No lawns; multi-storey

Hundreds in a single lane
Upward and downward
on foot, they move brisk.

Life is no less than a clock;
Clock is Life; its needles move
like steps of the pedestrians
They keep London alive
In all the time and clime
All shops and takeaways
It's less lonely when lonely
Passengers packed in jackets
Proudly look straight as an art
And keep on going unceasingly.

ME TOO

I am here too;
exist as alive.
As a female
With body and mind
Head and shoulders
Legs and arms
with full stature
With all organs
Visible and hidden
I'm in touch with all
sensual and sensuous
pleasures and leisure
Wealth and treasure.

You can't bullshit me
You can't defame me
You boast of power
muscles and mind
and eyes not blind.
You have legs to walk
You have hands to work
Carry on with all these
you and yourself only.

Others are others
Be at a distance;
at a safe distance
Don't intervene.
It will be fatal;
Fatal and deadly;
deadly like *Spartans*
In the *Trojan* war
We'll not let *Helen*
Be a prey to *Paris*.
Kings are to perish

By *Lady Macbeth*

Let's be *Heer* in love

or *Sassi* in epic lore

Love requires love

On equal terms

No cheat or chat

No boss or brat

No dog and cat

We are all human

Human in true terms

Not as you define

In unruly symbols

and unworthy sign.

Winter in Glasgow

Day is as brief as
one wink of the Sun
a glitter on the sky
The leaves of *Juniper*
Weep drop after drop
They suck water from fog.

Clouds are constant as tears
No thunder, no lighting
No crack , no clank
All is quiet and hushed
Rubric and green
Queues of cars on sides
Extend long and strong
It's dark soon, no noon
Afternoon embraces night
So quick and sudden
Like two lovers meet
After a full day's duty.

Divine Muse

In the mid of the night
Far away from our sight,
When all sleep in beds
humming and growling
Snorting and drowning,
Someone awakes inside;
in the lush of the valleys
In the gush of the rivers
In the rush of the light
Drifts as soft as Silence
in dark heart of a saint
A saint and a seer both
Get *nirwan* in seconds
Their journey of years
clips in Four Chambers

The dance of *Rumi*
The trance of *Tabraiz*
The *wajad* of *Bullah*
The *Surood* of *Masoor*
The *odes* of *Fareed*
The lyres of Khusrau
All burst out as lava;
as a fountain fissures
a solid surface of soul.

A sudden dawn of the day
Like tulips bloom in May.

Who will bell the Cat?

Cat is lazy, but fat;
Fat and bulky too.
Sitting on the way
two lions on sides
As her bodyguards
Hounds on her back
At a small distance
All ready to bounce.
Her claws are sharp
Her teeth are whet,
legs sprawled ahead
She looks as drunk
blood of so many rats
No rats left around
No rumbling sound
she has the record
of all that are hidden
In holes and homes
In boxes and boots.

They dare not appear
They shudder and shrink
The mew sound is a threat
As death angel's visit
some haunted palace.

The Cat needs to be belled
It is to be caught and hung
In the crossing of the town
As a symbol of all peace
Terror no more around
Liberty and freedom
And for all to feel proud.

But who will come forward
To hold and bow her head
To manage a belt in her neck
The belt with a huge bell.
Debate turns out a furore;
Furore is heard by the hounds;
secret is spied, the cat is alert.

All run ahead and away
None dares sit and stay.

A Child in the West

A small sparrow with a straw
In the strict grip of her beak
Flies from wheat field to nest.
Her nest is her heaven-castle
Straw after straw, she weaves
a cosy abode in a mulberry
Near my window to rear lawn
She sits there, lays eggs
Eggs are gems under her wings
She hatches small seedlings
She flies away to feed them
They are fat and secure
They tweet and twitter
They giggle and jump
circle crazy and catchy

Take leaps from the nest
They fly down and up,
Try to run low and high
don't return to say good bye
To the soft womb of the nest.

They make their own way in life
The cosy wombs are no more there
Their parents are happy and sad
They can't pray anything bad.
They learn late in life and lament
Those once gone are gone forever.

Cyborgs

Human mind is no more fertile
It's dull and drab in a sense
No one ready to trust it
Being a faulty and error-prone
Play-store is the best to trust
Each app with its own attires
Robots are more than intellect
cyborgs are better humans
Submissive and trust-worthy
Auto-bots are the next in target
Giants in power and strength
Amazons in stature and length
More skinny and magnetic
finer in shape and form

No lust for stomach and sex
All ready to fight and battle
In the war after men are over
After satellites cease to work
There will be battle for survival
A battle for better machine to win
Buttons, lasers, remotes and blinks
Like God's in the age of Titans
A birth of techno-Olympions.

Times Bygone

Mid of December
Quilts and coverlets
All warm and cosy
the lap of grandma
The tales of grandpa
A lion he once killed
A wrestling he once won
For the hand of our grandma;
The day of their *walima*
All told as fresh as yesterday's.

All his tales of youth
All his brave and beauty
He cherishes each night
Amid his grand-kids

They have their peanuts,
cashew-nuts, and *chilgozas*
In the pockets of their own
Apart the roasted almonds
Eating and beating in talks
Giggles and wise-words too
Till late in the winter nights.

Saag and *paratha* of corn floor
With fresh butter as topping
Glittering as white as snow
On the tops of the *Himalayas*.

Each day was as fresh as roses
Each night as juicy as *fruiters*.

Pak (~~Scot~~) land Bleeds

“Bleed, bleed, poor country!”

She bleeds by dark redness.

The blood that runs in the veins

Or that runs down the two legs;

from the eyes of the wretched

Blood is smeared on the walls;

The four walls of the lock-up

Missing men, hidden operations

All uttered voices are silenced

All uproars are crushed down

The voices they raised for change

are, now, going to be changed

As adjustable to the old order

rampant and the laissez-faire

slogans thrust into their throats
turned as illegitimate claims.
Their arms and legs, all twisted.

A press-conference, a confession
A paper read in public, a news-ticker
All the terror gone, rebel no more
Revolt no more, speechless tone
blameless as a babe in milking days
neat as a spotless paper for printing;
the printing will be as per Command;
Their words, their advice, their say.

All that Glitters is Gold

Gold glitters and shines
All but outside the mines
A bride's bracelet
Her partner's ring
Gold's perceived value
The rate of currency
Gold brightens eyes
king's gold crown
A tycoon's tie-clip
Gold does not tarnish
Iron can't be gold.

Gold ever shines;
from crown to town
From necklace to *nath*

from *mala* to a *pazaib*
All ladies worship it
Lads can't resist too.
white, black and golden
All shine in all climes.

Listen Chaucer's *Physician*,
"Since gold in physic is a cordial,
he loved his gold exceeding all".

All is Foggy

Fog roams in all the town
Bodies half covered in coats
Half covered in socks and boots
Smoke and fog both in love
We inhale and exhale vapors
Like oxygen in the sunny days
Water drips down from leaves
As blood from hanged carcasses;
Carcasses are hanging on the walls
The king is callous, we all know.
There is a terror spread in streets
Police-wagons and prison-vans
Bearing warrants from the High.

The *Pharaoh* is happy, and smiles,
no male child can ever survive
Unaware and blank about *Moses*
Who feeds in his own palace,
may topple down the whole regime
The regime that built in centuries
May take days and weeks to fall.

Love's Heat

Love! let's us come close
Love! let's us join hands
Palms with palms
Legs with legs
Let's swim on the waves
Waves of erotic ocean
Water flows, both directions
It is the game of words
A game of muscles too.
Muscles rustle and slide
In a while all is lost
Twin in one, one and one
Forgetting who is who
No questions where is one
All places and spaces
All cushions and cases
Turn upside down.
The rustles on the bed cover
Stay long like the long sleep.

A Dream Last Night

Three-eyed people in crowd
A one-eyed ruler on a throne
A coaster full of turtles
Driven by a monkey
As big as a city train
Bugs and bamboos
All stand on stations
Selling fried bananas
and roasted melons
Santa Clause is smiles
Standing near a tree
Looks *Jesus's* lambs
eating eggs and buns.

A dragon drags a dump cart
A giant pulls it upside the hill
Genies and fairies busy in cooking
Frogs and fish mixed in a cauldron
Mixed with leaves of banana oak
Salt no more, all is but sweet
Milk is forbidden, just honey
Honey bees appear strong
As strong as lambs on hills.

Pak(~~Scot~~)land is a Sow

*“Pakland is the old sow
that eats her farrow”.*

All the day, all the way,
Each night’s moon taunts
Each noon’s sun haunts
Horror, horror, horror
Terror, terror, terror
Fear of *Khaki* fabric
Terror of green cap
And of red cap too.

Youth is locked in jail
Ladies are out to wail
All is left but avenge
To tell their kids in tale

textile machines are still
No post with happy mail
Vendors sit out of sale
It is all chill and gale.

The saviour is in gloom
All is but put in a room
Needs hope and help both
Hope is the least margin
Help is but from the High
Both don't appear nigh
Every breath is but a sigh.

The Sow is old and brave
It would not mind eating
Her own kids and cubs
She will even chew-in
Each bone and marrow
Each limb and each lung
She will hush them down
From their toe to crown.

The Ice Age

I possess my lodging
As a sole proprietor
In the town located
amid the frigid zone.
The dwellers are icy
In mood and measure
At their jobs and leisure
Skating is their hobby
iceboxes is treasure.

All the business tycoons
Deal in frozen ice blocks
books are with no words
antarctic signs and maps

are rhythms and rhymes.
The weather is below zero
No fresh liquid to drink
No pond filled to brink
All the days and nights
Same scenes and sights
No schedule for flights.
It is all icy and frosty
No summer, but winter
winter comes and stays
For nights and days
Far from the sun-rays
We belong to Ice Age
our history on no page.

Resurrection

Horror in the heart
horror in the world
World is but hoary;
hoary and awkward.

Plateaus and islands
Waters and deserts
depths underneath
heights upward
Even north and south
Even east and west
All leisure and rest
Each bone in chest
Still seems stale.

Flowers cease to bloom
Thorns lament in gloom
Fathoms appear in room
Lambs forget to groom.

Horror settled as last image
No lantern, bulb, or globe to bright
The inner darkness is out of sight
It has its own power and might
gigantic as a tower's height.

I am in pinching pain
For the horror that lurks
In my heart and each other's
In fathers and mothers
In sisters and brothers.

My heart will burst out
In a powerful blast
Tectonic plates will appear
My limbs will turn out heavens
My blood will flow as oceans
My breath will be air around
My bones will be mountains;
Large and small, vast range
It will be a new universe
With new living creatures.

The Last Leaf

The last leaf that fell
Had been once green
Then it turned yellow;
from light to hectic.

The autumnal equinox
Disjointed, felled it down
All amid the dreary brooklet;
The brooklet, too, was thirsty
Wished a gushy flow of water
The dying herbs on both sides
Loved to have moisture and rain
Long waited for flow and drain.

A week later, the first shower
Made the yellow page wash
as hermit's shower once a year
moringa and mint headed out.

Small drops dripped as gems
Nature's treasure and jewels
looked smiling and happy.

All this ever happens each year
With yellow leaves and brooklet
But the last words she muttered
With the last sip of black coffee
And the last gems from her eyes
And the last gesture of good-bye
At the still threshold of my door
At the moment when she parted
Will ever stay fresh and frozen
Like a still metaphor of autumn.

A Way to Wasteland

Once I visited a holy mosque
In a remote *chak* of my city
The only prayer house around
It was the time of *Asar*, I knew
The *moazzan* was an old man
With white attire, white beard
With an *amama* on his head
Sat in devotion after the Call.

A few people came after *azaan*
Some busy in fields, some in city
Perhaps for jobs and for work
Some kids below their teens

muddy pajamas and dusty faces
Came up running, said *salam*
Made *wuzu* in their own ways
Sat silent behind the *moazzan*.

The *moazzan* lead the *namaz*
Uplifted his hands in prayer
He especially prayed for rain.

All went away after the ritual
I walked to the cabin in wall
searching the copies of Quran
There were; wrapped in *galafz*
I lifted one with reverence
With dust on the surface visible
I opened to recite some verses.

I was struck with wonder and horror
The half of the pages inside the book
Were eaten by a host of bookworms
A sufficient stock of poo was visible.

I closed the book as it was ever before
Bowed my head, closed eyes, sat silent
For the time, I didn't know how long
My heart was heavy, but I shed no tear
Guessed omens about the times ahead
Recalled my fellows all time swearing
Of the Book, that lay there discarded
In a corner, all clothed and packed.

About the Author



M.R. Gohar (Dr. Muhammad Riaz Gohar) is the author of the books '*Inside Out*', '*Images*', '*Metaphors*' and '*Yellow Leaves*'. '*My Vigils*' is the fifth in the list (all fifth with short and long poems in English). His '*Karak*' is the book with Urdu short poems. He also composed some syllabus books for undergraduate students. One of them is '*Research in Practice*'. He is an Associate Professor of English at Government Graduate College Satellite Town, Gujranwala. He grew up in Jandiala Baghwalah; a peripheral village of Gujranwala. He received his Bachelor (English Literature) and Master (English Literature with Gold Medal) from Government College Gujranwala. Apart from English, he got his Master degrees in Urdu, Punjabi and Oriental Learning from the University of Punjab Lahore. He secured his degrees of M.Phil and Ph.D in Linguistics from the University of Gujrat. He is a morphologist and onomastician. In addition to writing poetry in English and Urdu, he has two dozen of research articles published on native languages. He is the Chief Patron of a research organization "Orient Social Research Consultancy" (www.osrc.org.pk) that hosts five HEC recognized journals in 'Y' category.



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